Vol 5

The War Illustrated

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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MR. CHURCHILL LOOKS BACK—AND F

Two years ago Mr. Churchill had just succeeded Mr. Neville Chamberlain in the highest office under the British Crown. It was a difficult hour, dark and dangerous, too. Norway had fallen a few weeks before, and Parliament, voicing the concern of people and Press, was highly critical of the conduct of the war. But the Norwegian débâcle was soon dwarfed. On the very day that Mr. Churchill kissed hands on his appointment as Prime Minister the war on the Western Front really began, when the Germans swept with overwhelming strength into Holland and Belgium ; when he met the House for the first time as head of the Government he declared in words that history will remember that he had nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

Days and weeks passed, and not one but was loaded with disaster. The enemy's blows, so ruthless and unrelenting, were intensified. Paris threw open her gates to the invader. Hitler's panzers roared and rumbled across the plains of Northern France. Calais fell. Boulogne fell. Dunkirk fell. From beaches which only the previous summer had swarmed with happy holiday-makers a host of men in khaki embarked in a fleet of salvage ships, but without their guns, their supplies, their equipment. And Britain stood up alone, almost unarmed, against a host of foes.

Just two years to the day after his accession to office Mr. Churchill gave another of his inimitable broadcasts. Let us look back a little on what we have come through, he invited his audience of many millions ; let us consider how we stand now, and let us peer cautiously but resolutely into the future.

Briefly he reviewed the tremendous period covered by the two years which had passed since he became the King's First Minister. He spoke of France's defeat and fatal surrender, of Mussolini's stroke in the back of a dying France, of Dunkirk, of the imminent threat of invasion, of that solemn majestic hour in which we prepared to conquer or to perish. Time passed. We conquered the Italian Empire. We liberated Abyssinia. We protected the countries of the Middle East. We suffered grievous reverses in going to the aid of the heroic Greeks. Abroad and in our cities we bore unflinching many a heavy blow. Though cheered and helped by President Roosevelt and the United States, we stood alone, neither faltering nor flagging.

Where are we now? continued the Premier. No longer are we unarmed. We are not alone any longer, but in the ranks of the very loosely educated. We all heard about it at school, but he forgot it. *I* have never made such a bad mistake as that . . ." Because of that mistake more Germans have already perished in Russia than were killed in the whole four and a quarter years of the last war (2,036,893).

What is there in front of Hitler now? Russian armies, stronger than they were last year, well-equipped with an unquenched constancy and courage. What is there behind him? A Europe starving and in chains, a Europe burning for revolt. Nor is this all. We are on his track, we and the great Republic of the United States. Already the R.A.F. have set about him so that we now find the Fuehrer mingling terrible threats with his whinings. If we go on smashing up the German cities, his war factories and his bases, he will retaliate against our cathedrals and historic monuments . . . He has even called into question the humanity of these grim developments. What a pity this conversion did not take place in his heart before he bombed Warsaw or Rotterdam! We have heard his threats before. In September, 1940, reminded Mr. Churchill, Hitler declared he would *rub out* our towns and cities, and he certainly had a good try. Now the boot is on the other leg.

"'Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,' and for my part I hail it as an example of sublime and poetic justice that those who have loosed these horrors upon mankind shall now in their own homes and persons feel the shattering strokes of retributive justice. We have a long list of German cities in which the vital industries of the German war machine are established. All these it will be our stern duty to deal with as we have already dealt with Lübeck, with Rostock . . ."

Then the Premier revealed that the Soviet Government had expressed the view that the Germans in their desperation might make use of poison gas against the armies and people of Russia.

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Maj.-Gen. R. G. STURGES, Royal Marines, commanded troops which landed on Madagascar on May 5.

Rear-Adm. E. N. SYFRET, who was in charge of the Naval forces covering the landing on Madagascar.

The vital strategic importance of the island of Madagascar is indicated in this map possession of the island our lines of supply to Egypt, the Middle East, India, Ceylo forces holding the line from Tobruk to the Caspian, would have bee

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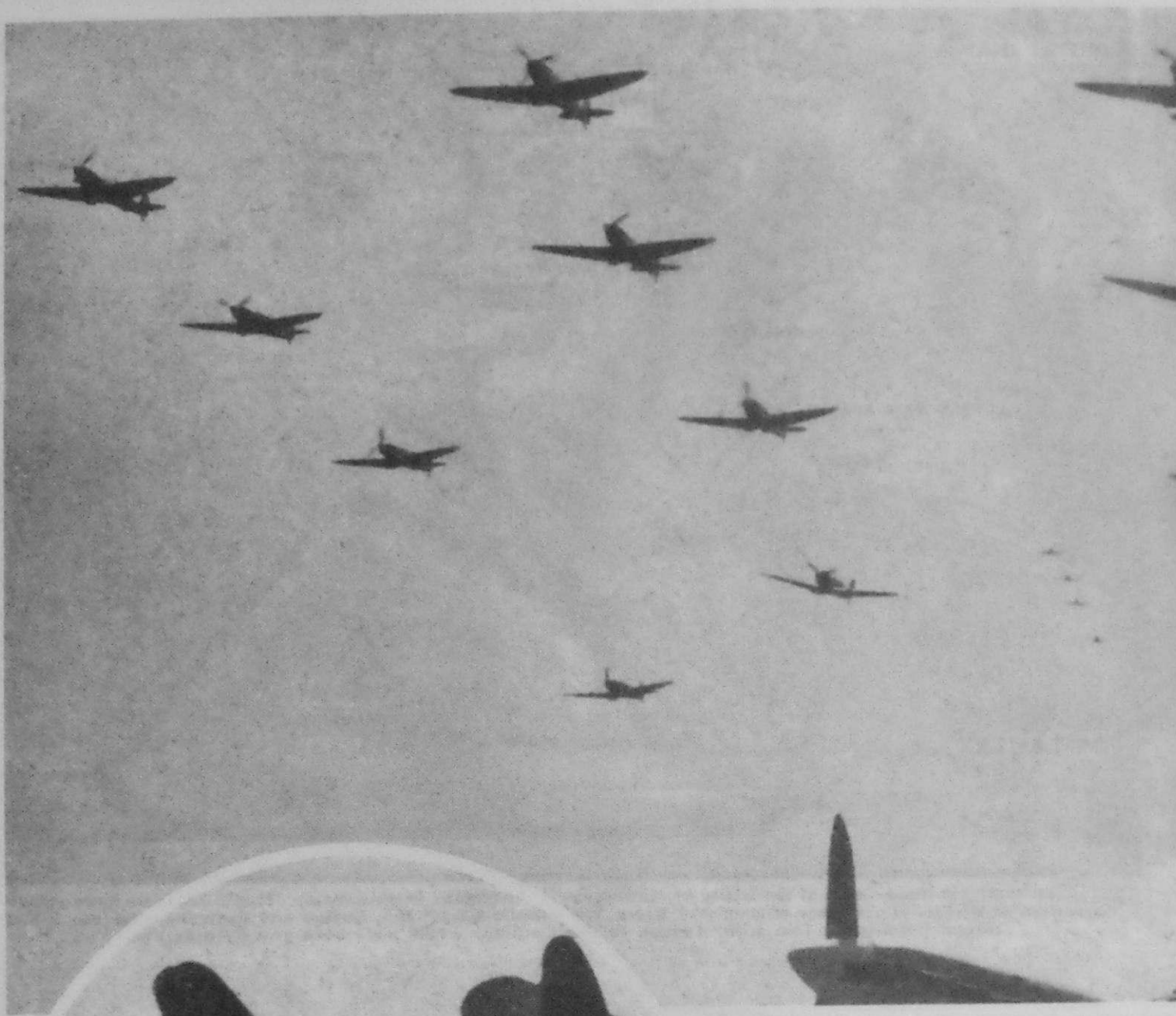
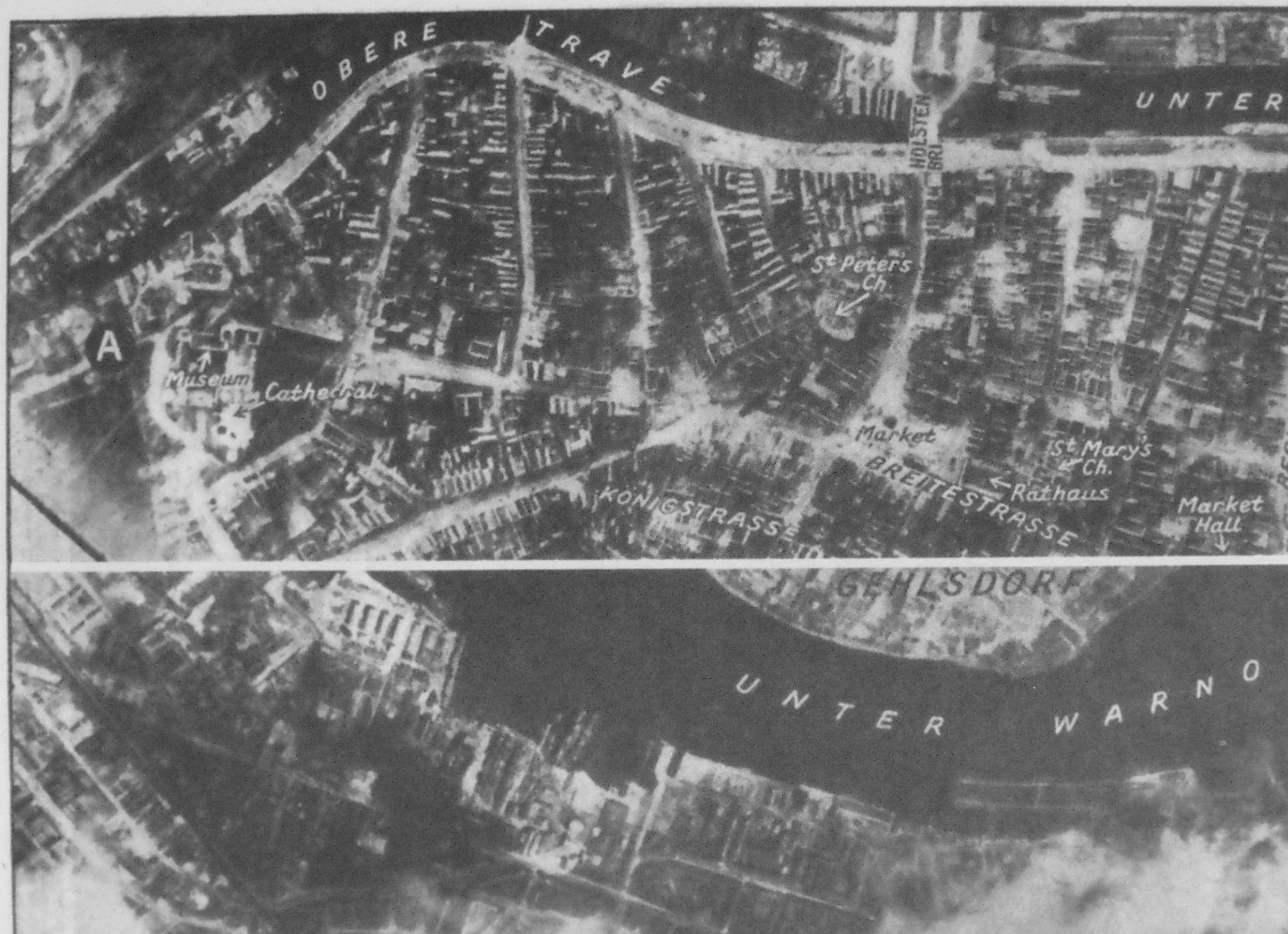


At Rostock the Nazis *Used* to Mak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'Baedeker Raids' Are No Reply To

The winter lull in aerial warfare was broken at the end of April when the R.A.F. gutted t of Rostock on the Baltic, and in effect opened a second front on Germany. By way of the enemy threatened to destroy the cultural heritage of Britain, and assaulted cathedra of no military value, hoping by this species of blackmail to stop night bombing. But the R hammer-blows at Hitler's war machine continued, and grew in number and weig

THAT night—the night of April 23—Hitler received a terrific shock. The port of Rostock on the Baltic, a vital link in Germany's communications with Norway, Finland, and North Russia, was the target of the most furious air attack so far delivered in this war. The onslaught was repeated on the three following nights, the R.A.F. giving the enemy no respite until Rostock in a military sense ceased to exist. The Nazi A.R.P. services were taken completely by surprise, our bombs starting to fall before the sirens sounded.

The chief objective was the famous Heinkel aircraft factory. At least three heavy bombs fell on the largest assembly shed. The experimental assembly shop and technical school were also hit, and the railway supplying the works and drawing office were damaged. The big marshalling yards and electricity works suffered extensive damage, and soon became a heap of flaming ruins among which violent explosions occurred as ammunition vans destined for the war fronts caught fire.

The Neptune works were gutted and many ships under construction as well as vessels in the harbour were obliterated. Many of the principal streets of the city, the Luetzow Strasse, Alexander Strasse, St. Georg Platz are now unidentifiable heaps of debris. An infantry barracks is said to have received a direct hit and about 600 German soldiers were killed. The military damage to Rostock was proved by a remarkable series of detailed photographic records (see pages 709 and 710).

Rostock's Nights of Horror

A Swedish observer spoke of "nights of indescribable horror," when people, awakened by the falling bombs, rushed into the streets in their night clothing. Some 4,000 were killed, he said, and many hundreds more were missing. Rostock became a closed town. Nobody was allowed to visit the place, and nearly all the inhabitants were evacuated, the first "army" of refugees numbering 100,000, were taken to Berlin.

The next effort in these full scale raids was on Cologne. On the night April 27-28 whole sections engaged in war production were wiped out. On the same night, as well as on April 28-29, Trondheim experienced as never before the fury of the R.A.F.

Having blazed a trail round about the fjord the R.A.F. returned to their deadly work. According to eye-witnesses who

repair shops at Vearnes airfield, 18 miles north of Trondheim. Our men displayed great skill and courage, defying the heaviest flak and coming down to 500 feet to make sure of their aim. The pilot of one bomber which was hit and was fully ablaze is reported to have tried to crash his aircraft, bombs and all, on to the deck of the German cruiser Hipper. The sound of exploding bombs could be heard fifty miles away on the Swedish frontier. There was panic in Trondheim itself, and thousands rushed for safety into the woods.

On the same night an even larger force of R.A.F. bombers was hammering Kiel where the elusive Scharnhorst was reported to be undergoing repairs, and great fires testified to the efficacy of our missiles among shipyards and factories. A similar attack on Hamburg was also part of this great spring aerial offensive.

Rostock, Cologne, Trondheim, Kiel, Hamburg—there is no disguising the fact that all these places are integral parts of the mighty arsenal which is Nazi Germany. Their power to contribute to Hitler's war effort has been considerably reduced by those night raids at the end of April. This concentrated effort will bulk large in the history of Britain's fight for freedom. On those nights the world, including Germany, was at last convinced that we had won the mastery of the skies.

Needless to say the Nazis sent up a howl of rage. Conveniently ignoring what they had done to British cities when they had a superiority of weapons, our raids were "intolerable" and "inhuman." Their spokesmen tried to console the public by threats of reprisals with the object of destroying every symbol of culture in Great Britain. Castles, Tudor mansions, country houses, sanatoria—all these were listed for vengeance. Said one irate official: "Now the Luftwaffe will go out for every building marked with three stars in Baedeker," such marking indicating some beautiful and time-honoured relic of architectural value. (But in fact Baedeker hardly ever used three stars!). And so it happened that a limited number of Nazi airmen, became chosen "tourists" of insane destruction and death.

On the nights of April 23 five and of April 24 twenty raiders began their work on Exeter. The ancient cathedral city suffered much damage from high explosives and incendiaries on both occasions. On the two

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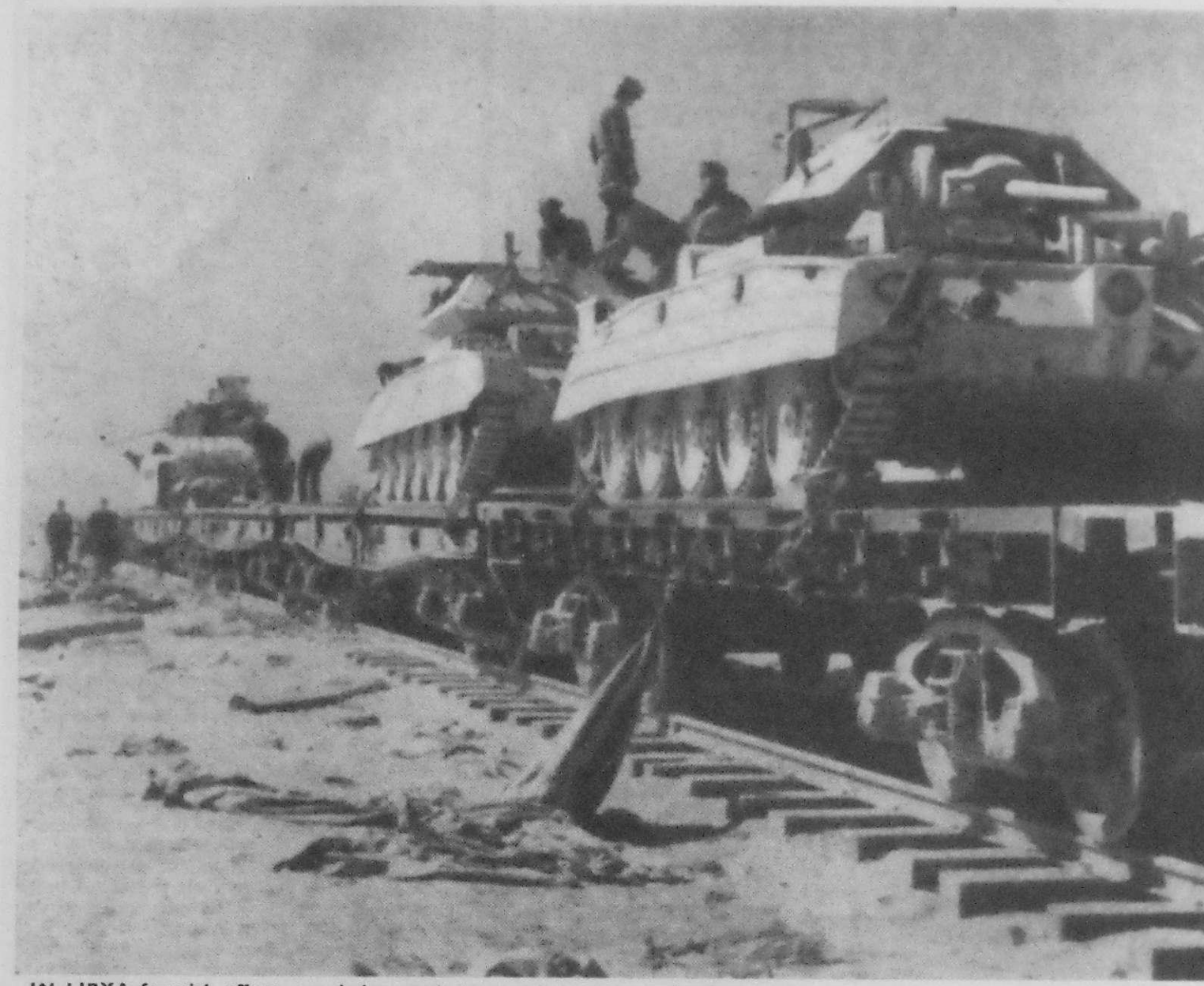
Flames arise from historic York as Nazi bombs fall on the city during the raid on the night of April 28. Five of the 20 raiders were destroyed.

Bath was another historic city recently raided by the Germans. Above, damage done to the Royal Theatre, the first to be built in Bath. Inset above right, the King and Queen talking to residents of the bombed city.

Links of Steel Across the Libyan D



IN LIBYA feverish efforts are being made to speed up communications and augment the existing facilities. New Zea are beating all records in laying miles of track across the desert. Below, rails being placed on sleepers for a new track tanks being taken to the base for refitting on one of the new desert railways.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Our Searchlight on the War

DROWNED IN RUSSIA

Spring floods, with rivers swollen many times their normal size, have held back the German offensive against Russia.

WE are nearing the first anniversary of Hitler's attack on Russia, and it is interesting to view the situation on the East front from a historical standpoint. Though the German onslaught on the Soviets was Hitler's greatest blunder, the truth is that the Fuehrer could not escape, nor did he wish to escape, the destiny which the whole Nazi philosophy created. He began war on Russia with words long ago. In "Mein Kampf" he remarks that "this colossal Empire in the East is ripe for dissolution. And the end of the Jewish domination in Russia will also be the end of Russia as a State. We are chosen by destiny to be the witnesses of a catastrophe which will afford the strongest confirmation of the nationalist theory of race."

The flower of the German army has already perished amid the vast Soviet prairies and round about the great cities of modern Russia. We may or may not see Stalin's hope—the overthrow of the Nazi military machine—this year, but when this does happen the warning words of Bismarck will come true. They are profoundly significant. "Germany, in the interests of her people, must always in every way injure Russia, but never enter into open conflict with her, as the most brilliant and decisive victories of the German armies in the East are bound to be 'drowned' in the endless expanses of Russia, and would, therefore, in the final result, afford no benefit to the German people."

LIFE-SAVING SUIT issued to all sailors serving in the ships of Free Norway.
Photo, Royal Norwegian Government

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF

Four weeks earlier than was expected all our offensive operations ended. Therefore a backward movement was necessary in a general line stretching from Taganrog to Ladoga.—*Hitler, April 26, 1942*

RUSSIA in this war has repeated her historic policy of withdrawal as in Napoleon's time, in 1915 and 1918, but today, thanks to a highly efficient industrial organization and a great popular enthusiasm for the war, she has been able to strike back at the Germans with ever-increasing strength.

In going contrary to Bismarck's cautious policy Hitler has literally dug the grave of the Third Reich, though the Nazis will put up a tremendous fight which will demand all the Allies' strength. We cannot expect the greatest butcher of all time to admit that he made a mistake in underestimating the power of the Russian people. In any case, the salient fact remains that Hitler was determined to wage war on the Soviets, for his intuitions lead him only to one conclusion—violence and yet more violence. Nor is it possible for such a creature to be appalled by the universal

patible with human nature or experience. The wise men among our reformers are well aware of this, and their objective is not to destroy the good inherent in our past, but to conserve and increase it for the benefit of the future.

THE DIET OF LIES

Only millionaires [in England] can afford peas, beer is poison, and butter is made entirely of lactic acid and mutton fat.—*Asvero Gravelli, on the Rome Radio.*

WE doubt if the benighted Italians in their once sunny and fruitful country can take pleasure in the sensational news that the British plutocracy is so short of food that only millionaires can buy peas. The number of such rich men, never a high one, must have sunk considerably since E.P.D., super-tax and other deterrents to those six noughts that must look marvellously impressive on a bank statement became part of the annual budget. Thanks to Gayda and other mouthpieces, the simple-minded Italian peasant must have a queer conception of Britain and her people, but if he has any intelligence at all he might ask the question whether the war is worth further sacrifices since lack of food and poison beer must eventually dispose of the British race as effectively as bombs and bayonets could. Asvero Gravelli, a National Councillor, trying to console the Italians for ration cuts, has also told them that we pay 20s. for 2 lb. of potatoes, that there is no rice and no sugar. Eggs are 5s. each. The daily diet of lies in Italy is not likely to bolster up the Latin morale. It is a poor substitute for that plentiful wine, pasta and fruit which made life so attractive in Italy before Mussolini hitched his wagon to Hitler's swastika with such disastrous results.

A CITIZEN ARMY

I am more convinced of the necessity of maintaining a citizen army in the future than ever I have been, as part of payment for the maintenance of good social service and conditions.—*Mr. Ernest Bevin, M.P.*

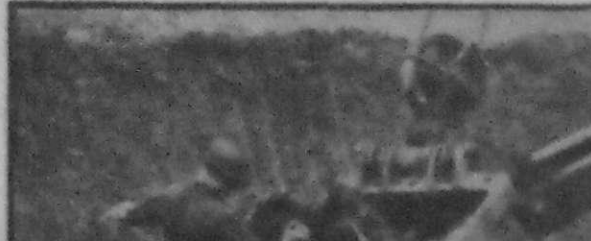
HISTORIANS will be puzzled by the fact that the greatest empire in the world managed to exist without some permanent form of conscription. During 1914-18 compulsory service was deferred until January 1916, and then it was applied at first only to single men between 18 and 41. There were subsequent amendments which made all men liable to serve up to 50. Compulsory service was ended on April 1, 1920. We were quicker off the mark in 1939. Even so, the idea of conscription seemed to be abhorrent to our

A.A. GIRLS who hel the German raider on Bath. They are battery.

WARFARE—ANCI

The Battle of France of mechanical warfar art no less signific gunpowder.

THE machine has c art of war, but in Hitler attacked the wor unintelligent robots it viduality to a degree h science. The Nazis tha paratively small in nu use their machines to of their enemy still t (albeit concrete) warfa ions. The Battle of B of men who conquere in small groups. The guerillas have proved campaign on the East casually dressed Japa tactics, were successfu The whole art of moder in swift mechanical m the traditional barrack are as out of date as be a good soldier today intelligence, a compr expert's knowledge of



America's Dive-Bombers Scored in the

No Oil for the Japanese at Yenangya

WHEN, on April 16, it was found impossible to hold the Yenangyaung oilfields south of Mandalay the "scorched earth" policy was put into operation. "An awesome scene of tragic grandeur met the eye as the demolition reached its final stage," reported Reuter's Special Correspondent; "a huge pall of smoke blotted out the sun. The steel sides of the burning fuel tanks buckled and burst with the heat as their contents soared to the sky in a mass of flaming smoke, while hundreds of oil drums burst into flames with a curious hissing noise. Demolition parties, about thirty picked men, worked with a smooth efficiency. Tommies with sledge-hammers smashed material worth thousands of pounds. Gaunt derricks burning furiously stood silhouetted against the horizon, like some strange forest of another world."

Right, a British soldier smashing machinery at Yenangyaung; and, beneath, a night impression of the blazing oilfields.

British Official: Crown Copyright

In Burma the Chinese Fought Besid

A squadron leader of the Chinese Ai
instructions to Chinese aviators pre
advancing Japanese columns. On the
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Not Bravery Alone Could Save Bu

Owing to the impossibility of any civil administration continuing to function in Burma, the Governor, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, was ordered by the British Government (it was announced on May 10) to move into India. Resistance in Burma still continued, but the campaign was virtually concluded : Burma had to be temporarily " written off."

FROM the beginning one of the chief objectives—perhaps the chief objective—of the Japanese in Burma was to cut the Burma Road and so sever Free China's principal life-line. And in this at the end of April they were successful. Strongly reinforced Japanese columns swept across the difficult country which lies between the Irrawaddy and the Salween. The Chinese forces put up a strong resistance, but they were heavily outnumbered, and their mechanized equipment was as nothing compared with the tanks, armoured cars and planes with which the Japanese were so well supplied. On April 29 a Japanese mechanized column, numbering (so it was reported) 400 armoured fighting and motor transport vehicles, stormed into Lashio—the Burmese terminus of the Burma Road into China—which had been already converted into a blazing ruin by Japanese bombs and gunfire.

Following their capture of Lashio, the Japanese pushed rapidly ahead along the Yunnan road. Some pursued the Chinese lying in the Irrawaddy valley to the south, more particularly around Yenangyaung. Such an act of destruction must be unexampled in the history of the British Empire ; for months past experts had been perfecting the plans which resulted in the wells being " spiked " for an indefinite period, so that they could be reopened only by fresh boring, requiring elaborate machinery and skilled technicians (see page 716).

By the middle of May, then, the campaign in Burma was practically finished. Fighting continued here and there in the long and jagged front carved out of the tropical jungle, but the word front is hardly admissible, since the Chinese forces under the American General Stilwell were cut off from General Alexander's British and Indians. The Japanese, too, were operating in widely-separated columns : a course which had its dangers, as was seen when the Chinese delivered a sudden counter-stroke at Mandalay, taking in the rear those Japanese who were plunging ahead through Lashio.

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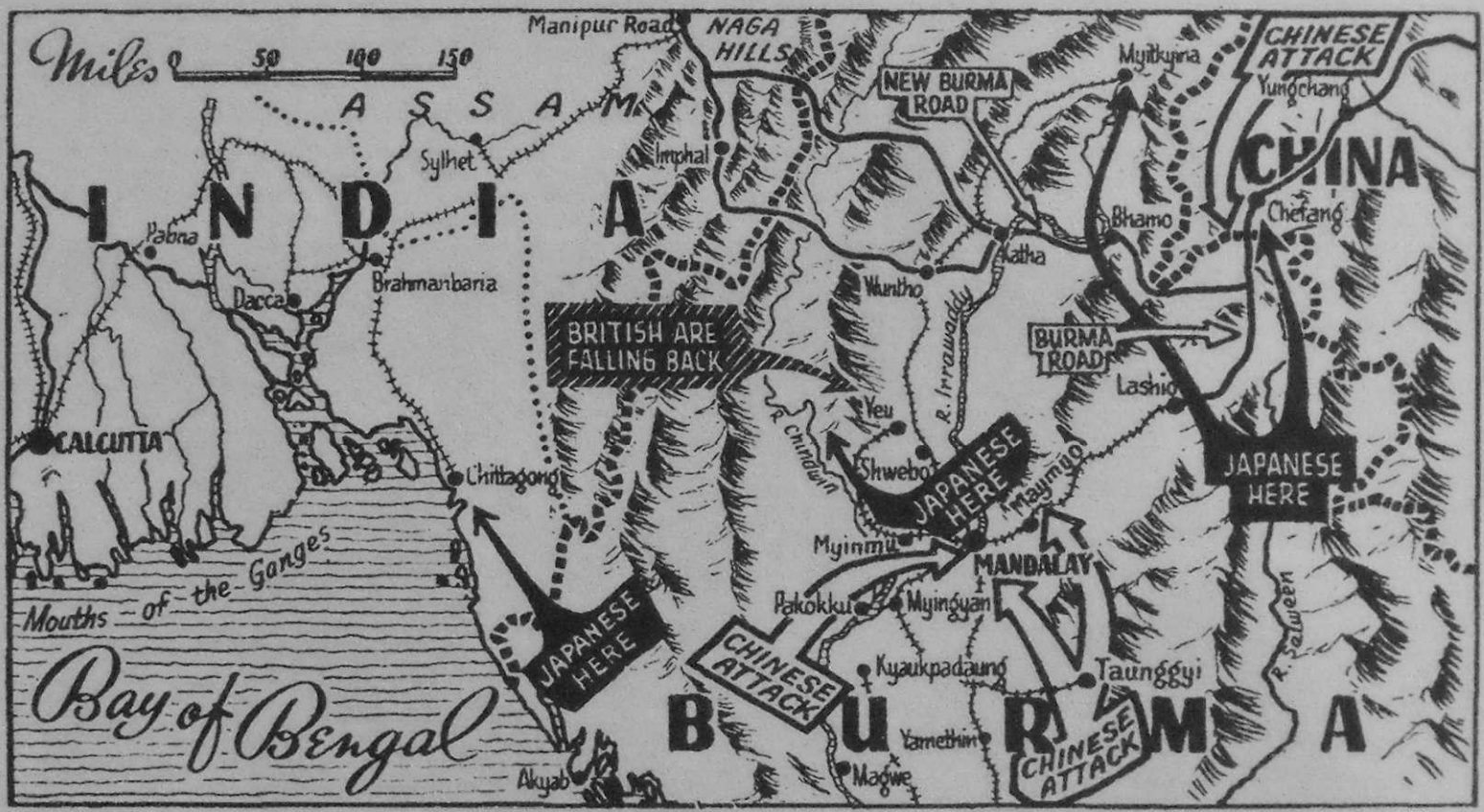

BURMA, showing the principal points of the confused fighting, the Chinese attacking the Japanese from the north and south, the British withdrawing up the valley of the Chindwin. There is no actual front in this amazing campaign among mountainous jungles hardly trodden by the foot of man.

By courtesy of the News Chronicle

along the Burma Road and were soon on the Chinese frontier, even beyond it ; another column moved rapidly against Bhamo and Myitkyina, terminus of the railway from Mandalay, which was entered by the Japanese on May 8, while yet another force of

Of the Allies, the Chinese were perhaps in the better case, since in their retreat every step brought them nearer to the fastnesses of their own country. The British, on the other hand, were struggling through some of the most difficult country in the world, the

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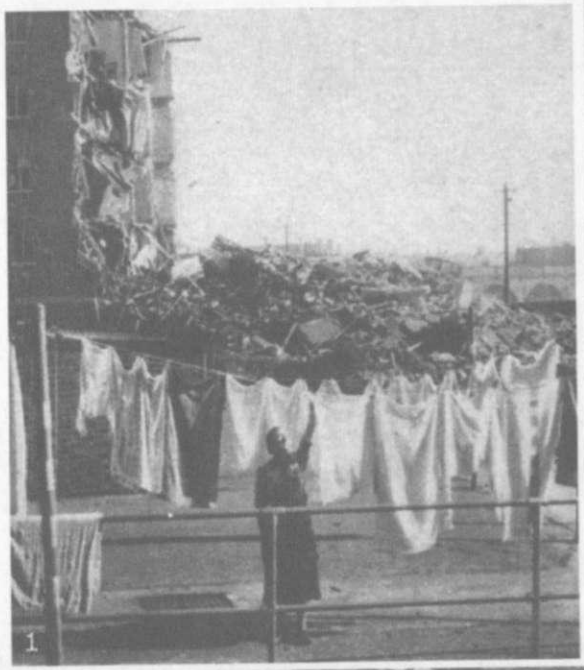

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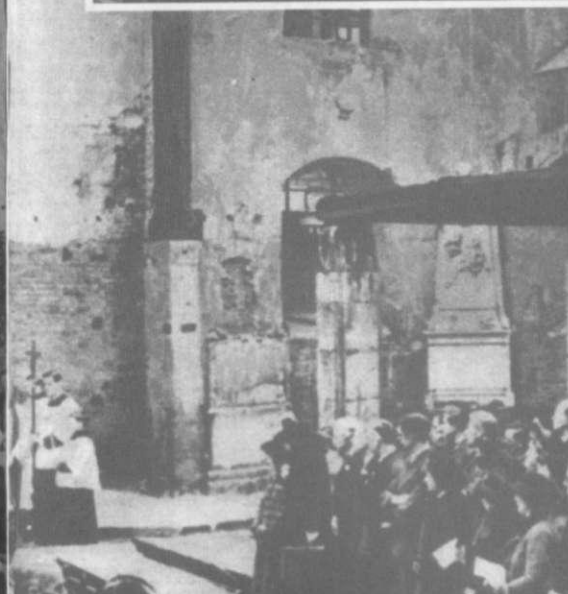

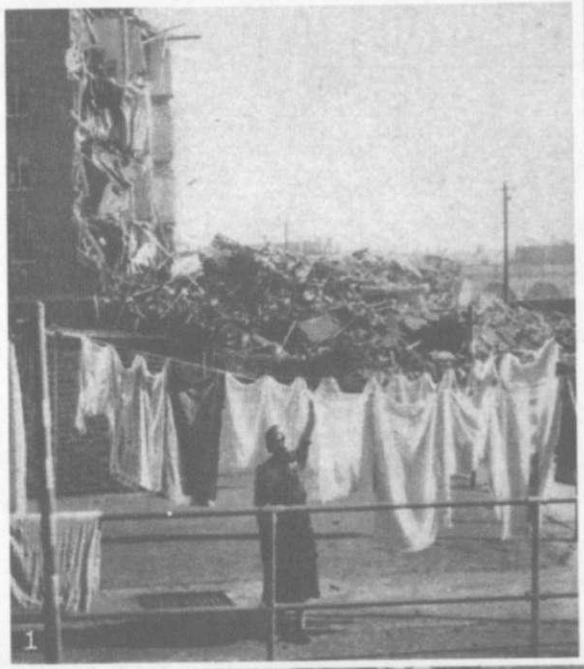

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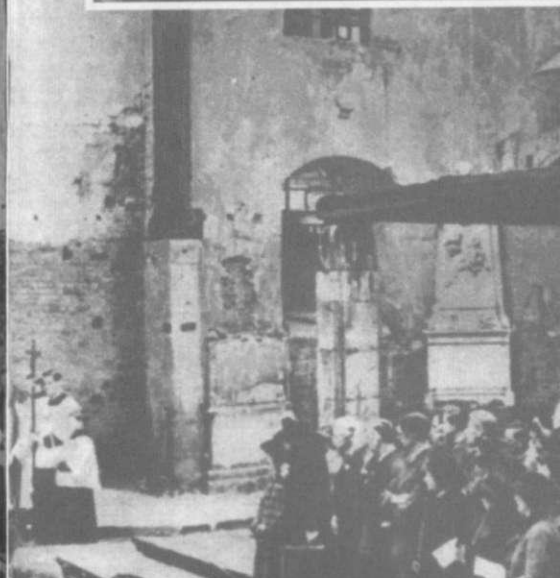

SCALES

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SCOTCH

Britain's High Command: How the War

Following much discussion in Parliament and Press concerning the strategy of the war, cryst lized in the suggestion that a Combined General Staff should be set up, the Prime Minis presented to Parliament a *White Paper* (Cmd. 6351, H.M.S.O., 1d.) whose contents are su marized below, together with some account of alternative proposals put forward by the crit

NORWAY, Flanders, Greece, Crete, Malaya, Singapore, Bay of Bengal, Burma—together they constitute a chain of disasters such as we have never suffered in our long history as a Great Power. Why did they happen? Are they to be attributed, at least in some measure, to defects in our strategical direction? Is our High Command all that it should be—or could be? In particular, is it true that there has been, and is, lack of co-ordination between the three fighting services?

There are many who think so, and among them are men who have had long and wide experience of the direction of great affairs. To mention but one, here is Sir Edward Grigg, M.P., a former Under-Secretary to the War Office, writing in The Times (April 11) complaining that "once again at Singapore the action of the three services was clearly not combined in a single defensive plan." The two older services, he went on, were once again ordered into action without the indispensable cooperation of the third. For this the fault lay, neither with the Naval, nor the General, nor the Air Staff, but "in the system under which their respective lines of action are combined (or not combined) in a common plan." How does that system work at present? We find the Staff organization outlined in a White Paper, "The Organization for Joint Planning" which was published on April 22.

The ultimate responsibility for the conduct of the war (says the White Paper) rests with the War Cabinet, the Chiefs of Staff being their professional advisers. The Prime Minister and Minister of Defence superintends, on behalf of the War Cabinet, the work of the Chiefs of Staff Committee. In this matter he is assisted by the Defence Committee, which comprises, besides Mr. Churchill as chairman, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Eden, Mr. Lyttelton, the three Service Ministers (Sir James Grigg, Mr. A. V. Alexander, and Sir A. Sinclair), the Chiefs of Staff, and the Chief of Combined Operations.

The position of the three Chiefs of Staff, working together as a Combined, or Joint General Staff, is no new conception, the White Paper goes on. In fact, the Joint Staff advocated from time to time in Parliament and the Press has existed for many years. It has been progressively reorganized and expanded in the light of war experience. It consists of specially selected officers of the three services, who live and work together in the same offices. Thus they learn to think and act in terms, not of three separate units assisting one another for a common end, but of a single fighting unit animated by the same spirit and the same conception of a single task. At their service for information and advice are the three Departmental

of future plans, even though these may not be immediately within the range of practical politics.

The officers forming the Joint Intelligence Sub-Committee similarly work together, part-time in their own Ministries and part-time as a team; it is their responsibility to collate and assess all information about the enemy, and, in particular, to prepare appreciations of the most likely course of enemy action from time to time.

In addition to the organization shown in the diagram there is the Secretariat of the War Cabinet and its Committees, Military and Civil: its military members constitute the Staff of the Office of the Minister of Defence (Mr. Churchill), and it is their duty to arrange the business, draft the reports, and maintain the records of the military committees of the War Cabinet from the Defence Committee downwards.

This, then, is the directing brain of Britain's military effort, using the word "military" in the widest sense. The organization at the lower levels is hardly criticized; what most of the critics concentrate upon is the lack at the top of a real Combined General Staff with a Chief of its own. To return to Sir Edward Grigg's argument, there should be a Chief of the Combined General Staff responsible for presenting its plans to the Chiefs of Staff Committee, sifting them with that Committee, and thereafter submitting them to the War Cabinet; for seeing that our strategic plans took full account of what the production staff and transport authorities might be expected to achieve; and, above all, that the proper balance between the Services was maintained. As to the C.C.G.S. himself, he should be "a professional or non-Ministerial middle-man."

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Joint Planning Staff
(Three Directors of Plans—
Captain, R.N.
Brigadier
Air Commodore)

Strategical Planning Section
R.N.—
1 Captain
2 Commanders

Army—
1 Lt.-Colonel
2 Majors

R.A.F.—
1 Group Captain
2 Wing Commanders

Foreign Office—
1 Counsellor

Executive Planning Section
R.N.—
1 Captain
3 Commanders

Army—
1 Lt.-Colonel
3 Majors
1 Captain

R.A.F.—
1 Wing Commander
1 Sqdr. Leader

Future Operational Planning Section
Director—Colonel

R.N.—
1 Captain
2 Commanders

Army—
1 Lt.-Colonel
1 Major

R.A.F.—
1 Group Captain
1 Wing Commander

Joint Int
Foreign Offi
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Ministry
Dep

Joint Intelligence Staff
(Enemy intentions)

R.N.—
1 Captain
2 Commanders

Army—
1 Lt.-Colonel
1 Major

Russia: The Winter War in Retr

For the first time since 1918 May Day this year was for the Russians not a public holi a joyous celebration of the achievements of the Revolution, but a day of work, devoted to production of yet more weapons to defeat the next German onslaught.

MAY is here. Outside Leningrad the ice is melting fast. From the White Sea to the Black the snows are disappearing before the first genial winds of spring. The rivers are overflowing their banks. Everywhere in the war-blasted countryside trees are in leaf, the flowers are springing in colourful plenty from the so recently frozen earth. There is yet another significant sign of spring's coming to Russia: the Red Army men are changing their felt footgear for leather boots. As yet the snow is turning into slush, the roads are seas of mud; but soon the ground will become dry and hard, and across it millions of men and all the monstrous machinery of modern war will pass and re-pass in a struggle that may well decide the fate of the world for centuries to come.

What has been happening on the Russian front since the Nazis' furious drive against Moscow was brought to a standstill last December? It is difficult to form a clear picture, but certain it is that there has been no real lull in the fighting. Hitler and his generals may well have hoped, even expected, that the winter would immobilize the armies and so their troops might be given time and opportunity to recuperate after their terrific exertions of the past few months. But although the winter was inconceivably severe—according to Hitler it was worse even than that which broke Napoleon in 1812—the Russians saw to it that the war went on. Instead of being able to retire to comparatively comfortable winter quarters far behind the line, a great host of Nazis had perforce to remain in the fighting zone. Tanks which should have been withdrawn for overhaul have had to be kept in service; huge quantities of hoarded war supplies have had to be expended; lines of communication have had to be kept open. And all the time there has been a steady drain on German man-power.

All the same, it must be admitted that the Germans have done extraordinarily well in an immensely difficult situation. There have been stories of desertions, but for the most part the Nazis have responded to every call that has been made upon them.

The Germans have given much ground, perhaps as much voluntarily as involuntarily, but always they have maintained a continuous front. They are quite a long way now from Moscow, which was once almost within range of their big guns; winter made them relax their hold on Leningrad, so that across the ice of Lake Ilmen the Russians have been able to bring reinforcements and supplies and to evacuate two million civilians; at Rostov in December they suffered what was their first real defeat. But Schlüsselburg and Taganrog at the two extremities of the 1,000-mile front have remained in German hands; and so, too, have Smolensk, Kharkov and Kiev, most of the Ukraine and the Crimea. At Staraya Russa, south of Lake Ilmen, a large German force has been surrounded, or almost surrounded, for many weeks; and here and there on the immensely long front there are "hedgehogs" in which little German garrisons are set in a sea of Russians; but, on the other hand, the "sack" at Vyazma on the road from Smolensk to Moscow has not yet been drawn tight. Many of the "hedgehogs" or fortified positions have been reduced by the Russians, many thousands of villages have been liberated by the Red Army; but some of the most fertile, the most thickly peopled and the most industrially developed regions of the Soviet Union remain under the Nazi heel. Hundreds of Russian factories are producing supplies for Hitler's armies; hundreds of thousands of Russian workers have been compulsorily enlisted in Hitler's droves of slaves. German bridge-heads are firmly placed at all the vital junctions on the far-flung front, and the Nazi armies are dangerously near the Caucasus.

Soviet's Immense Achievement

Yes, the Germans have done well; but is it too much to claim that the Russians have done better? Judged by any standard, having regard to any particular, the Soviet's achievement is immense.

As recently as a year ago most of the "experts" seemed to be of the opinion that Stalin's army was no match for Hitler's. They professed to find in the opening phase of the Finnish campaign confirmation of their worst suspicions. Red Russia, they urged, was finding great difficulty in worsting little Finland; how then could she stand against the might of Nazi Germany, a country and people whose every thought and action had long been of war? Apparently Hitler and his experts thought the same as ours: otherwise they would surely have preferred to keep the Soviets as friends, even half-hearted friends. Russian equipment (it was alleged) was of poor quality and deficient in quantity; Russian leadership was uninspired, and the Russian soldier was but a dumb brute, unenthusiastic about a war which he did not, and could not, understand; the peasants were disaffected, the industrial workers were so much factory-fodder, and there were many suppressed nationalities waiting their chance to revolt.

Came June 22, 1941, and a few days, even a few hours, were sufficient to sweep this conglomeration of ignorance, prejudice and misunderstanding on to the scrap heap. The Russian giant, it was revealed, had no feet of clay. On the battlefield a new Russian manifested itse hailed by Mr. C

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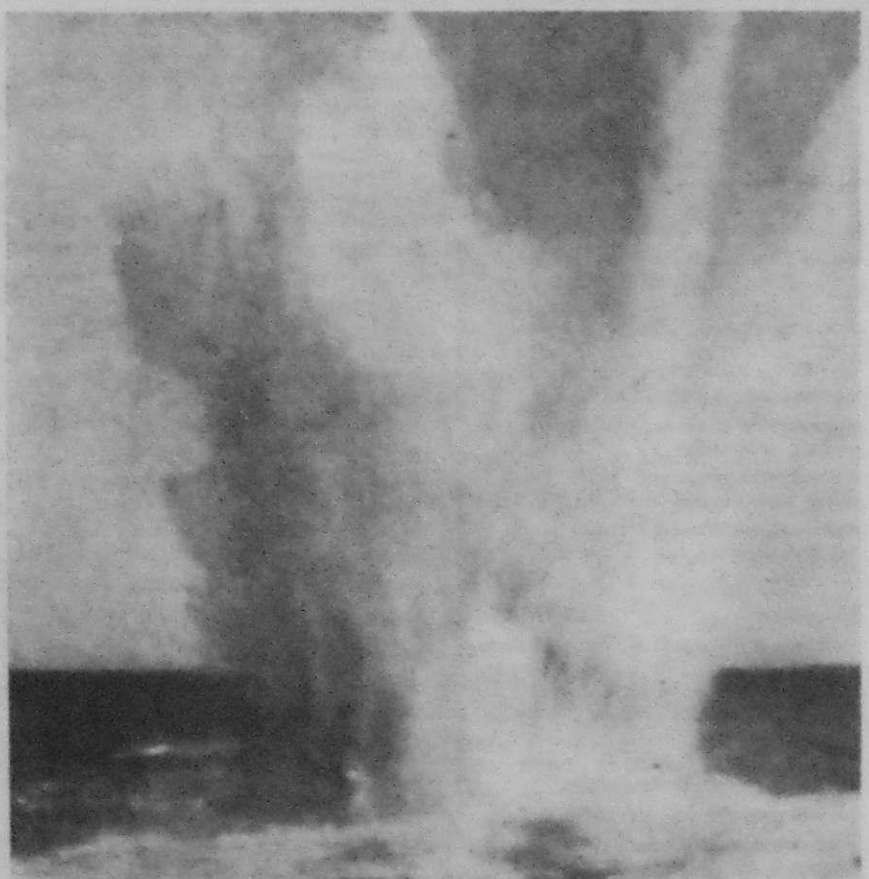
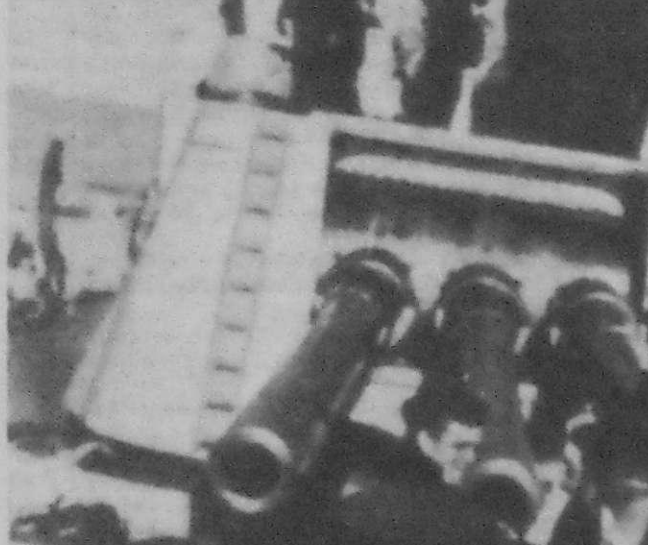
Into Action Go Men of the Black Se

IN THE CRIMEA Russian Marines are being lan
Soviet Black Sea Fleet to attack the enemy i
Nazis launched a fierce attack against the Russ





Our Diary of the War

APRIL 29, 1942, Wednesday *970th day*

Air.—Night raids by R.A.F. on Gnome-Rhone aero-engine factory and Goodrich rubber works at Gennevilliers, near Paris.

Mediterranean.—Two enemy aircraft shot down in small daylight attack on Malta.

Burma.—Chungking announced that Japanese have occupied Lashio.

Philippines.—Japanese announce new landings in Mindanao.

Australasia.—Port Moresby raided by Japanese; Lae and Kupang bombed by Allies.

Home.—Second "reprisal" raid on Norwich.

General.—Hitler and Mussolini meet at Salzburg.

APRIL 30, Thursday *971st day*

Sea.—Germans began four-day attack on convoys in Arctic; cruiser Edinburgh damaged by torpedo.

Air.—Large-scale fighter sweeps over N. France. Le Havre, Flushing, Abbeville, and shipping off Brittany attacked.

Russian Front.—Germans announced Russian attacks on Kerch Peninsula and on central front.

Africa.—Announced from Cairo that Suez Canal and Damietta areas were raided.

Mediterranean.—Five enemy aircraft shot down during daylight raids on Malta.

Philippines.—Heavy bombing of fort and harbour area of Corregidor.

Australasia.—Heavy Allied raid on Lae aerodrome, New Guinea.

Home.—Admiral H. R. Stark, Commander of U.S. naval forces in European waters, arrived in England.

In scattered raids on N.E. coast 11 enemy aircraft destroyed out of 50.

General.—Hitler and Mussolini continued talks at Salzburg.

MAY 1, Friday *972nd day*

Air.—R.A.F. fighter sweeps over N. France; St. Omer and Calais bombed.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. raided Menidi (north of Athens), Maritza in Rhodes and submarine base at Leros.

Burma.—Japanese entered Mandalay. British withdrew to north of Irrawaddy.

Philippines.—Continued artillery attacks on Corregidor.

Australasia.—Port Moresby raided by Japanese fighters; allied air activity over Rabaul.

Home.—Minor air raids over S.W. England.

MAY 2, Saturday *973rd day*

Sea.—Arctic convoy attacks continue; cruiser Edinburgh again torpedoed, sunk by our own forces; one enemy destroyer sunk, another damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked shipping off Norwegian coast on night May 1-2.

Africa.—American service troops officially announced in Middle East.

Burma.—Japanese advance N. of Lashio.

Australasia.—Allies attacked shipping at Rabaul. Four out of 15 Japanese fighters destroyed over Port Moresby.

Home.—Dr. H. Evatt, Australian Minister for External Affairs, arrived in England.

MAY 3, Sunday *974th day*

Sea.—Admiralty and Air Ministry announced that damaged Gneisenau sighted at Gdynia.

Air.—In daylight sweeps over N. France Dunkirk and Abbeville attacked. Night raids on Hamburg, St. Nazaire, Kristiansand and shipping off Norway.

Africa.—R.A.F. raided Benghazi harbour; enemy planes over Alexandria.

Burma.—A.V.G. and Chinese bombed Lashio. U.S. Air Corps bombed Rangoon at night. Japs claimed to have occupied Bhamo.

Philippines.—Heavier artillery and bombing attacks on Corregidor.

Australasia.—Four Jap aircraft shot down over Port Moresby.

Home.—Heavy night raid on Exeter; seven enemy aircraft shot down.

Africa.—R.A.F. raid Benghazi harbour.

Indian Ocean.—Antsirana, chief town in harbour of Diégo Suarez, Madagascar, captured on night of May 6-7.

Burma.—U.S. bombers attacked Rangoon aerodrome. Chinese occupied Maymyo.

Philippines.—Corregidor falls to Japs after five months' siege.

Australasia.—Allied air attacks on Lae and Rabaul.

Home.—S.E. and S.W. coastal towns attacked by few enemy aircraft.

MAY 7, Thursday *978th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bomb Ostend and Zeebrugge. Night attack on enemy convoy off Dutch coast.

Mediterranean.—Seven enemy aircraft shot down over Malta.

ADMIRAL H. R. STARK, who is in command of the United States naval forces in European waters, being greeted on his arrival in this country by the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound (right). On the left is Mr. Winant, the U.S. Ambassador to Britain. *Photo, Keystone*

MAY 4, Monday *975th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked Le Havre and enemy convoys off Dutch Coast. Night raids on Stuttgart, Skoda works at Pilsen, and Nantes docks.

Russian Front.—Russians report offensive battles in some sectors; Germans report large-scale air battles on Kerch Peninsula.

Burma.—Japs attack Paoshan on Burma Road. U.S. bombers attacked Mingaladon aerodrome, Rangoon.

Philippines.—Heavy air and artillery attacks on Corregidor; further Jap landings in Mindanao.

Australasia.—Naval engagement between U.S. and Japs, resulting in sinking of 8 Jap warships and damage to others.

General.—R.A.A.F. airmen stated to be operating in Iceland. Germans announce

Indian Ocean.—Diégo Suarez, Madagascar, surrenders to British forces.

Burma.—Hard fighting continues on Burma-China frontier.

Home.—Small daylight raids in S.E. Two enemy bombers shot down at night.

General.—Gen. Lord Gort succeeds Sir William Dobbie as Governor and C.-in-C., Malta.

MAY 8, Friday *979th day*

Air.—Heavy raid by R.A.F. on Warnemünde, near Rostock, in face of intense opposition. Airfields in the Low Countries and N. France and shipping off Norway also attacked.

Russian Front.—Germans open an offensive on the Kerch Peninsula.

Africa.—Benghazi raided by R.A.F.

Mediterranean.—Sixteen enemy air-

HITLER'S ITALIAN SLAVES

At Gibraltar It's Always 'Stand

Guarding ammunition in the galleries of Gibr
Top left, a Bren gun inside a pill-box on t
overlooking the surroundi

German 'Strong Point'

A Typical Todt Construction on the Nazi Invasion Coast

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
By Haworth

Now It Is the Nazis Who Fear In

Since Dunkirk we in the British Isles have been living under the threat of invasion. T
threat is still there ; it is still possible that Hitler will make a supreme gambler's throw. B
of late weeks signs have been accumulating that the Nazis are fearing that the situation m
be reversed—that it is *we* who will do the invading.

OPEN a Second Front ! Relieve the pressure on the Red Army ! Strike now, while the Nazis are sunk deep in the Russian swamps ! This is the demand which is being voiced by men who know, and by men who cannot know, the difficulties involved, the issues at stake—by statesmen of world-wide repute and by humble Service men, grumbling over their half-pints in the canteen at their state of unexpected and unwelcome inactivity.

Here, for instance, is General McNaughton. G.O.C. of the Canadians in Britain, declaring that his force is a dagger pointed at the heart of Berlin ; there is no better-located spot than England, he declares, for offensive action against the coast of Europe from Gibraltar to Spitzbergen (although he agrees that possibly the British offensive may not come until Germany attempts an invasion of England). Here is Mr. Litvinov, the Soviet Union's Ambassador at Washington, asserting that if the German forces could be split or weakened on the Eastern Front by a diversion elsewhere, it would be possible to push the Nazis right back to the German frontier, to Berlin and beyond. And here is Lord Beaverbrook declaring, " I believe in the Russian system, which holds to the faith that the best form of defence is attack. And I believe that Britain should adopt it by setting up somewhere along the 2,000 miles of coastline now held by the Germans a Second Front in Western Europe . . . "

Hitler doesn't like speeches of this kind, on this particular theme. Maybe he suspects that in the summer and autumn of 1940 he missed an opportunity to invade Britain which is hardly likely to recur. Maybe he is not too sure about the morale of his own people, and we may be sure that he knows that there are millions in Europe living (and many of them working) for the day when he and his Nazis will have been wiped from the face of the earth. The possibility of an invasion of Europe by the British and their American allies is realized in Nazi circles, and the Germany authorities in the occupied territories facing the Atlantic, the Channel, and the North Sea have been warned to prepare for blows which may come at any time. Here are just a few indications of Nazi nervousness—and preparedness.

At the beginning of April Gen. Rundstedt, one of Hitler's most successful and experienced commanders, was withdrawn from the Russian front and put in charge of the German defences in France ; and to his new command have been added many fresh troops and a number of aircraft, mostly bombers, under Gen. Coler.

Hundreds of concrete gun-emplacements have been erected at vital points along the coast ; scores of new airfields have been constructed ; minefields have been laid ; and from many districts near the coast, and even in districts far from the coast, the civilian population has been evacuated.

There is significance, too, in the intensification of the Nazis' savage treatment of the dissentient population. Every act or attempted act of sabotage is savagely punished. For every German officer or man shot in the streets of one of the occupied towns the Nazis demand and take the lives of ten or twenty Frenchmen, Belgians or Dutch.

One particular act of terrorism was announced on May 4 by Gen. Christiansen, German Commander in Holland : a German court-martial, it was stated, had taken action against a group of leaders of a secret organization which in its activities and aims was directed against the German occupying power and, moreover, had attempted to gain contact with Germany's opponents. In these proceedings already 79 Dutch people have been found guilty of favouring the enemy, espionage, being in the possession of arms and explosives, and in some cases of breaking their word of honour as officers, and have been condemned to death accordingly. Seventy-two of these sentences have been carried out by shooting. In only seven cases have sentences been commuted to life imprisonment. Within a week 24 more were shot.

Recently further news came to hand of the British Commando raid on St. Nazaire when (it transpires) the French population rose en bloc and for three and a half days fought side by side with the Commando men who had been left behind when the ships withdrew ; in the fighting between 300 and 400 Germans were killed, and after the resistance had been overcome the Nazis shot 500 civilians.

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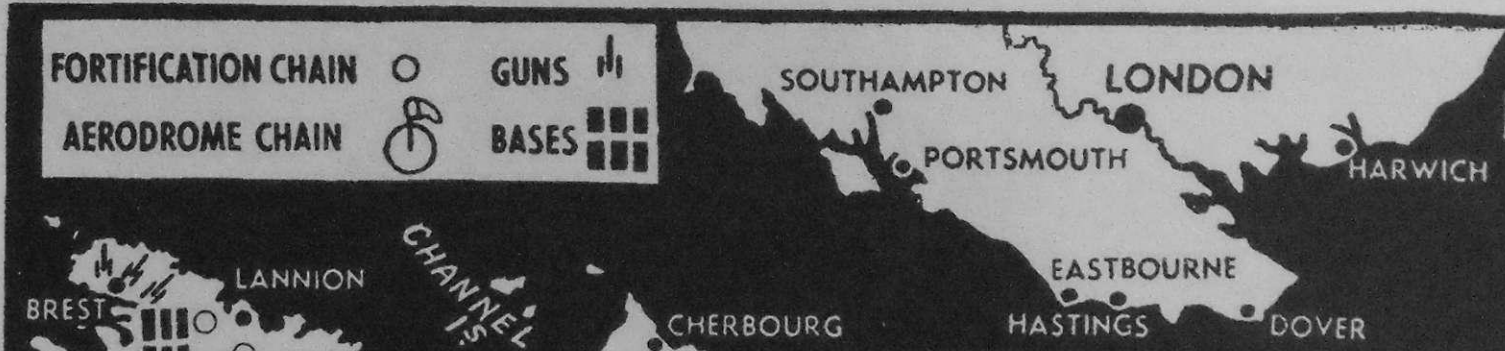
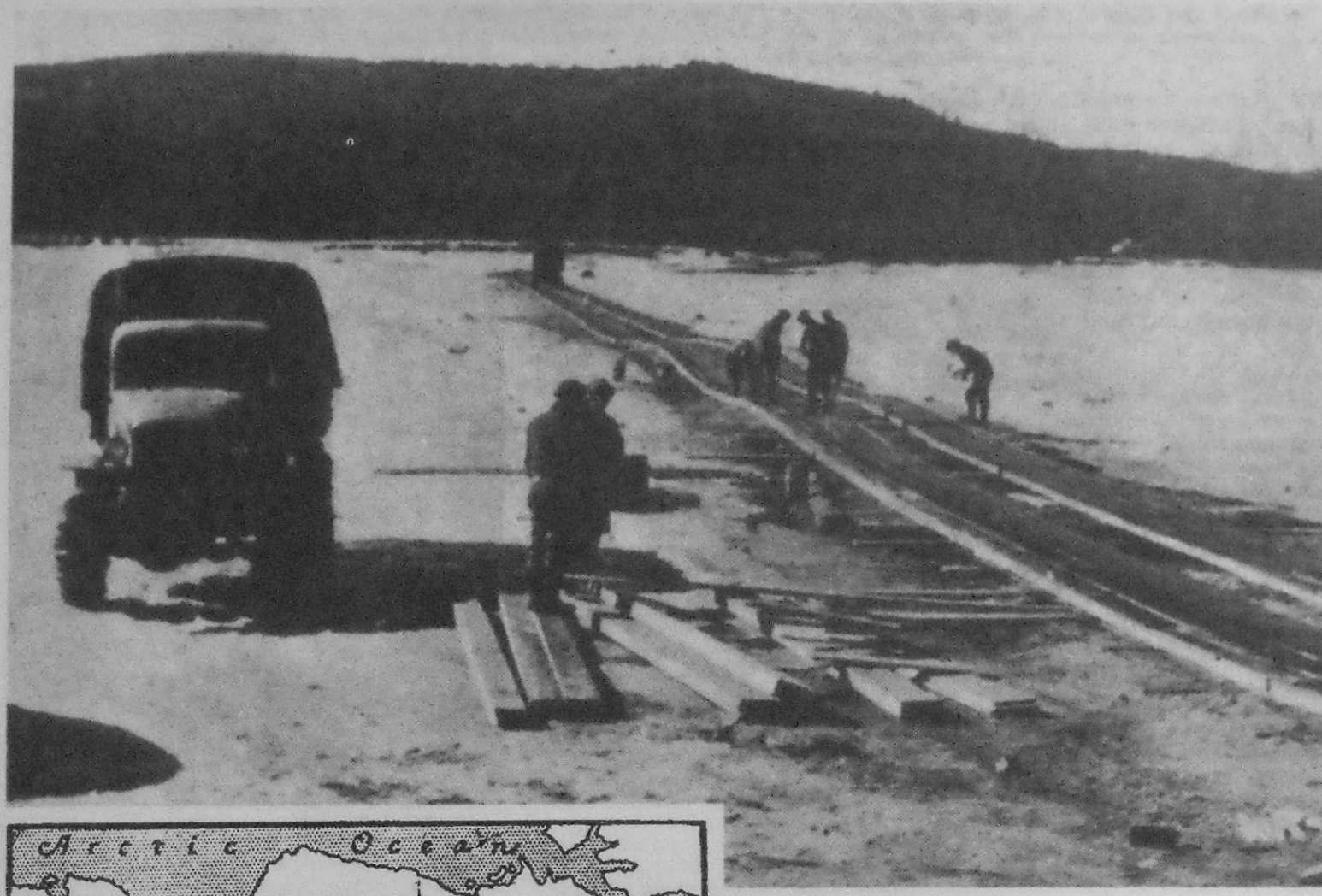
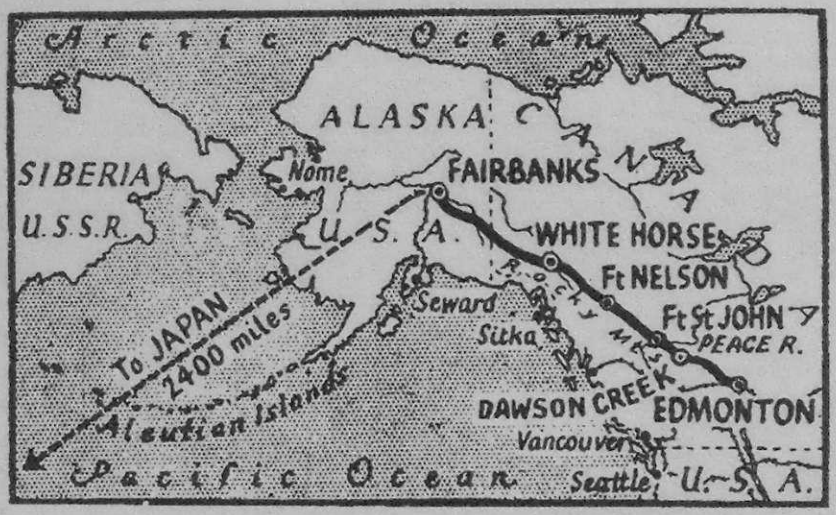


America's New Route to Alaska—and



A great new highway is being constructed across Cana
its new war bases in Alaska over the route shown in
plank highway being placed across the frozen Peace
struction of a ferry after the th



Trucks and road-making machinery b
Creek for work on the new Alaskan hig

Corregidor: Epic of 'Grim, Gaunt & Gh

AFTER five months of heroic struggle against overwhelmingly superior numbers, Lieut.-Gen. J. M. Wainwright, commander of the American forces on Corregidor Island, was forced to surrender to the Japanese. The news was issued from Gen. MacArthur's headquarters in Australia early in the morning of May 6.

Paying a fine tribute to the men with whom he had lately served, the General said : "Corregidor needs no comment from me. It has sounded its own story at the mouth of its guns. It has enscrolled its own epitaph on the enemy tablets. But through the bloody haze of its last reverberating shot I shall always seem to see the vision of grim, gaunt, ghastly men still unafraid."

So fell, for the time being, the Allies' last stronghold in the Western Pacific, together with three other forts in Manila Bay, Hughes, Drum and Frank, and the finest harbour in the Pacific.

Towards the end of this epic fight Corregidor was subjected to 13 separate air attacks each day for four days, and was bombarded by many 240-millimetre guns firing from new positions captured by the Japanese. In the final assault the enemy made use of a large number of steel barges in the two-mile trip from the tip of Bataan Peninsula to the island fortress.

A Domei Agency dispatch from a Japanese base in the Philippines gave a description of the last hours before the fort capitulated. "Under cover of darkness and an intensive rolling artillery barrage, Japanese expeditionary forces, which had been biding their time since the complete occupation of the Bataan Peninsula, swarmed across the narrow channel separating Corregidor from the mainland at 8.30 on Tuesday, May 5, in an all-out offensive to crush Gen. Jonathan Wainwright's beleaguered Filipino and American forces. The invasion of the American stronghold was carried out by boats heavily laden with Japanese shock troops, which passed through the mine-studded waters round Corregidor Island. The initial landing was effected at 11 p.m., when a three-column Japanese invasion party crossed over to Corregidor in the face of terrific American fire, with a second and a third landing party following in their wake in rapid succession."

Then followed a vivid account of terrible hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets and sabres, with bombers pulverizing the American fortifications to open points for the Japanese advance. In the same way the other American forts in Manila Bay were captu
that all positions

Immediately be
Gen. Wainwright

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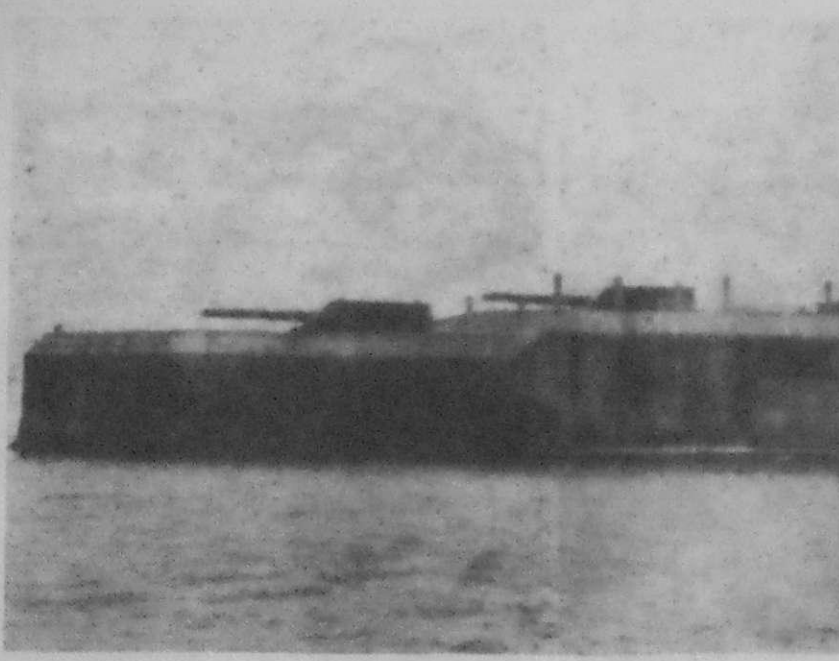

FORT DRUM, an unsinkable "battleship" of concrete built on t mouth of Manila Bay (see map, p. 654). Here heavily-armoured which wrought great havoc on the Japanese troops trying to enter

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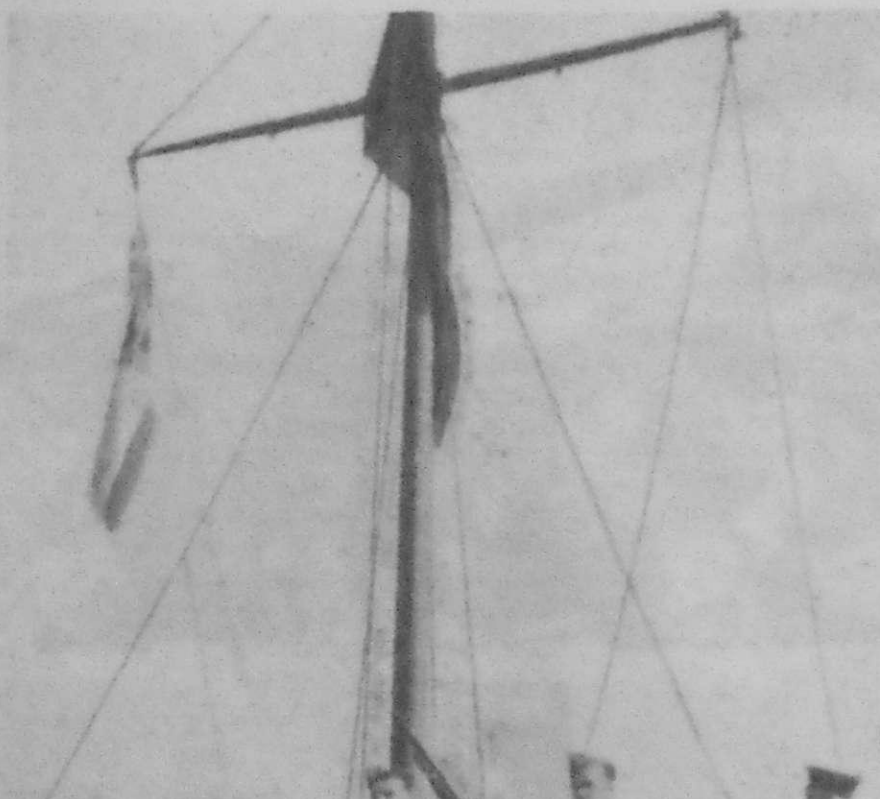
Meet the 'Maritimes,' Soldiers on Shi

Wearing an anchor badge with the letters A.A., a Maritime sold
Oerlikon gun under the tuition of an officer at a naval gunnery
exercises by men of a Maritime regiment.



I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Worked Alongside the Russians for Six Months

Life amid the ceaseless activity of the northern ports of the U.S.S.R., whence convoys of British and American war material are dispatched to the front, was described in the following broadcast by the Hon. J. P. Maclay, M.P., who recently spent six months in northern Russia.

THERE is a strange thrill of satisfaction in watching the ships of a convoy arriving safely at their destination. I used to be down on the quay with the Russian port authorities and their staff watching for the first ship to come slowly round the bend. The Russians had always every detail of the discharging operation fully planned: stevedoring gangs waiting; the motor-lorries, the girls who were going to tally the cargo, the tugs which were going to work the ships into their berths and the long lines of railway trucks—all standing by ready to commence work, not tomorrow morning but immediately the ship was tied up.

As the ships approached the quay we could begin to realize what this northern passage meant. Ship after ship encased from stem to stern and up to the truck of the masts in hard white ice, their winches slowly turning to keep them from freezing, and on the bridge the captain and a Russian pilot shouting through megaphones to the crew on the fo'c'sle head who are struggling with mooring ropes and wires, difficult and dangerous to handle in the low temperatures. Some of the ships had dents in their sides, and some had chips off their propellers which told a story of a battle with the ice.

Unloading Tanks from Britain

In a few hours' time the ships are safely alongside and the first tanks, aircraft and military vehicles are coming over the side on to the quay and on to the trucks. Everything gives way for tanks and aircraft, and practically always within twenty-four hours after the arrival of a convoy the first railway train, made up of these vital units, is on its way to the interior for immediate use against the enemy. Many of the Russian stevedores are not used to handling this type of cargo, but the British crews were always standing by ready to give a hand or to give advice when required, and ready to drive the winches and handle the gear themselves if the lift was a specially difficult one. The language difficulty was always a problem and I was often appealed to, both by the Russians and by the ships' crews, to decide some argument which, when I came along with a good interpreter, I found to be no argument at all, as both sides were saying the same thing in a different language.

One only required to be on the spot to know how anxiously the supplies were waited for and how greatly they were appreciated when they arrived. I would like some of our factory workers and engineers to have seen the care and interest with which the Soviet technical experts examined our materials. Every part was looked over with a critical eye and it gave me a good feeling to know that our workmanship could stand up to any inspection or comparisons.

One of the first things which the Russian authorities arranged when the ships came alongside was to issue passes to all members of the crew, but, of course, the language problem was a great barrier. Very few Russians could speak English, and the British found even the Russian alphabet difficult. Our sailors were usually anxious to get to a cinema or find a shop where they could buy something to take home as a memento to their families. In most foreign countries you can have a good guess at the shop signs, but not so in Russia. You may think you have found a restaurant or shop of kinds by seeing people go out and in, but when you get inside you find yourself in the local dispensary or post office. The Russians are naturally a hospitable people and once or twice a week a number of men from each ship were given an invitation to the local concert-hall where there was a dance or concert or cinema and an interpreter was appointed to make sure they were looked after.

I think the British sailors sometimes thought that they would have to teach the Russian girls how to dance the latest dances, but it was very often the other way round. I can remember well the surprise of some Scottish firemen when a Russian girl danced the Highland Fling for them in real Highland Games fashion. The highest compliment

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I Saw Burma's Pagodas Bombed Into Ruins

Japanese bombing raids on the smaller towns of Burma were largely aimed at terrorizing the civil population. A typical raid is described in this dispatch from the Daily Herald's correspondent, Victor Thompson.

THERE are nine planes up there glinting in the sunshine. As we count them we hear the familiar whoosh of falling bombs. We scramble into a slit trench so small that it seems made to measure. The earth sways, and we say: "That must be the other side of the town," and wait for the next series of whooshes.

When the bombing is done we go out to investigate, driving in the direction of a pillar of smoke. Just as the all-clear siren sounds, two cuckoos start calling as if they too were just emerging from shelter. (Yes, there are cuckoos in the wooded hills of Burma.)

The centre of the town has been accurately plastered from at least ten thousand feet. These Japanese are good marksmen whether with bombs or mortars or machine-guns. Fires are already spreading, adding to the heat of Burmese noon.

A fat Burman in his blue and white skirt smeared with red dirt is busy stamping out a little pile of smouldering rubbish in the middle of the road, while his shop burns fiercely apparently unheeded five yards away. Another in a doorway sits asleep with arms folded. Even the crackling of the flames does not wake him. When we go close we see that nothing will wake him any more.

A Yorkshire soldier comes up swearing. He tries to lift a man apparently dazed by blast. "He was cut in two," the soldier keeps repeating. There is little we can do except watch the sketchy A.R.P. services trying doggedly to cope with a situation beyond them.

We pick our way round dead bullocks, which are characteristic of every Burma bombing I have seen, and find several big craters. So the Japanese are now using big stuff as well as the little anti-personnel bombs they usually employ.

There is no evidence that any target of military importance was selected. But then this is the second phase of the Japanese bombing campaign. At first they concentrated single-mindedly on military objectives. Then they turned their attention to the civil population, trying to increase the thousands of refugees on the roads.

While the town burns around us, scorching eyebrows and making breathing an ordeal, we watch the guards posted in the bazaars to prevent looting. We wash off some of the grime by standing under a jet leaking from a fire hose. Firemen are withdrawing to carefully prepared positions. Their enemy is advancing fast.

Well, that is another once pi town transformed rubbish. Visit suc under the lovely feeling of being i even stronger, the more pressing. Y world is dead exc bullfrog somewhe

Well, that is the story, making Ma Thazi to Liverpoo The damage is not not been very h million people are move, complicatin United Nations. that multitude—v tended to do.

Life's Not Too Bad in a Worke

Thousands of men and women have left their homes t factories set deep in the countryside. How some of th fed and cared for is told here by Inez Holden, who months in a workers' hostel in a Welsh vall

THIS workers' hostel, built to house about a thousand people, where I have been living for six months, is made up of a main building and several smaller, single-storey buildings, grey in colour, symmetrical in design and functional in purpose. If it had not been set down in a country of great beauty it would look rather like a factory in a futuristic film.

In the centre of the main building there is a reception desk for incoming letters, telegrams, parcels and so on, a post box, two telephone kiosks, a small shop, opened at fixed hours to sell cigarettes and cosmetics, a newspaper and book stall, some armchairs and a sofa. At one end of this building there is the big assembly hall with its stage for dramatic entertainment and screen for cinema shows, and at the other end the large dining hall and kitchens. Along the passage on either side are the various recreation rooms, the library, lounge, reading and writing rooms an ant's offices.

On the white I saw reproducti French Impressi passage various announcements o Civil Defence lect allotments which

Meals are in th 9 a.m.; midday 4.30 to 5.30; su light meal from 1 noon shift comin have breakfast, a extra meal in the at least one meal factory canteens. good, well cooked

I slept in a bu walk from the rec one of about 15 i also a drying ro rooms and a ho telephone for ser the reception hal with a sleeping b two shelves, two locker, electric ligh hot and cold wat called by one of t in time for me t to the main bui going on to the swept and my bed stewardess.

The charge fo lodging was 22s.

THE SPIRIT OF MALTA is cheerfully symbolized in this photograph of soldiers clearing away yet another heap of rubble caused by enemy bombs. It was announced on May 8 that General Lord Gort had been appointed Governor of Malta in succession to Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie. Commander Anthony Kimmins, R.N., describes in this page a recent visit to the Mediterranean fortress. *Photo, Sport & General*

upheaval they remain home-bound. I have heard some of them speak of their rooms, critically, as "cells," but it would be impossible to billet a thousand people each in some individual parlour, with an open fireplace, kettle simmering on the hob and "our cat" purring on the hearth.

Others have known so much poverty and unemployment that it must have seemed as if the whole of humanity was conspiring against them; the past despair lives in and with them, and in this mood of maladjustment even the best cannot appear acceptable.

Many of the people, however, contribute a great deal to the communal life. They give free lessons to their colleagues on subjects which they themselves happen to have studied. There are entertainments most evenings, but I remember a night when nothing had been prearranged some of the factory workers volunteered to entertain their comrades; they gave up their free time between two shifts, had only one hour's rehearsal, and in their everyday clothes and without stage effects gave a concert which was both delightful and dignified.—*News Chronicle*

I Went Back to Malta in Wartime

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Editor's Postscript

ONLY the thoughtless would expect that the local authorities who take care of the industrial townships, residential and holiday resorts that stud the coasts of Great Britain from Wick in the north-east of Scotland round the shores of England and Wales and as far up the West of Scotland as Oban—more than two thousand miles, I suppose—could guarantee to their fellow citizens any effective measure of protection from Nazi air attacks of the tip-and-run variety. No form of defence has been or can be devized to secure immunity from these nuisance raids ; but it ought to be possible in the more exposed areas, such as the East and South coasts, where this type of attack can be most cheaply carried out, to organize some system of warning to the unfortunate communities who are liable to such disturbing visits. The recent resumption of these raids along the South coast, after ten or eleven months of immunity, would appear to have found the local authorities (whoever *they* may be) no better prepared in this respect than they were two years ago.

THE newspapers of some of these towns are full of complaints from readers and are editorially clamorous that something must be done forthwith to protect the townsfolk. For it is indeed a farce that in printing photographs of the damage in "a South-coast town" where the main street has been bombed and machine-gunned twice in one week, they have to report that "the alarm was given some minutes *after* the first bombs had dropped." In that same town more than a year ago the local journal asserted that the safest time to walk abroad in its streets was *after* an alarm had been sounded or *before* an all-clear! The marvels of radio-location leave the inhabitants of these South-coast towns quite chilly after being all het-up over the ineptitude of the local siren service. And it seems absurd to me that newspapers which print excellent photos of raid damage may not specify the name of the town. Why are these newspapers allowed to retain the place name in their own titles? Why should The Sandyshore Gazette be permitted to print that name at all, since it has been obliterated from the

MAJ.-GEN. CHARLES H. BONESTEEL, U.S. Army, who now commands the Anglo-American occupation force in Iceland.

Photo, Topical Press

York journal recently to hand I was amused and bewildered to read :

"Four Cheeses—Danish blue, royal Danish, English Stilton and American cream—make a pungent, pleasantly tart spread which is to be used for canapés or very special sandwiches. The precious imported varieties are put through a grinder. Then, after the cream cheese has been added, the mixture is beaten until soft and creamy. The final step is the addition of brandy. Two-and-a-half-ounce jars cost 35 cents."

IS it possible that English Stilton, which has always been my favourite cheese and none of which have I been able to touch, taste or handle in any club, hotel, restaurant, hostelry or home for well-nigh two years, has actually been exported to America during that period to enable lucky epicures there to enjoy those "very special sandwiches"? One might ask : "*How* do

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